

The True Northerner.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 15.

PAW PAW, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1876.

WHOLE NO. 1108.

THE STEAMER.

BY GEORGE LUFF.

Majestic on the waves
The ocean's crown and side;
For her the sea, a willing slave,
Rolls forth his crested tide.
Dashed from her breast she leaves
The quelled and trampled foam;
Her glorious track behind she leaves
Speed her, ye waters, home!

Ah, gently, cruel main,
The freighted treasure bear!
Voices thou hast like summer rain,
Or virgin's murmured prayer.
From out thy cave, O sea,
Breathe them in music's sound,
Tuned to their heart's true harmony,
The glad, the homeward bound.

Joy! joy! the glowing main
She cleaves with landward bow;
Copy the hollow, lightly kissed,
Leap from her arrowy prow.
Joy beams in woman's eye,
And laughs in childhood's mirth;
And many hearts give fond reply
For thee, O mother earth!

Sovereign o'er vanquished fear,
The lord of pride and power,
Man in his glorious strength is here,
This is his triumph's hour.
Hush! hush! what shock of dread
Disturbs his blanching brow?
Stern as the bolt of death it sped,
O man, what art thou now?

Thou saidst, "a king" thou wast
On ocean's stormy throne;
Now he is strong, and fierce, and vast,
Thou powerless and alone.
Lo! with resistless power
Their coming wind in vain,
And far and wide above them glooms
The desert of the main.

God rules upon the deep;
There he alone is king;
The wild, wild waves that o'er them sweep
Perpetual dirges sing.
Woe! woe! a thousand homes
Their coming wind in vain,
And far and wide above them glooms
The desert of the main.

—Harper's Weekly.

NO. 25 IN OUR SQUARE.

It is a large brick house, with five windows to the front, and a long balcony, full of mignonette and geraniums throughout the summer. For a long time nothing was known of its inhabitant beyond the information contained in the directory, where they were registered as Miss Keith and Miss Indiana Keith. Indeed, for ten years our square was kept in total ignorance of their history. By sight we all knew them well, for frequently, if the weather was fair, they were to be seen walking in the square garden, and were generally accompanied by a dark-complexioned but pretty girl, and a Hindu, who, though dressed like an Englishwoman, was supposed to be an ayah. The little Leila, who must have been about three or four years old when they first came to No. 25, never joined in the games of the other children in the square, but used to walk with the ladies and the ayah, chattering away in a tongue which the wondering nurses supposed to be Hindustani, and which seemed much more familiar to her than English.

At church the Misses Keith were most regular; and generally, on a Sunday morning, Leila accompanied them, with the ayah, who seemed to follow her like a shadow. In all parochial charity lists their names appeared, and the clergyman was inclined to ascribe many an anonymous donation to their liberality; and often, on a week-day afternoon, their carriage, instead of taking the direction of the park, would convey them to the workhouse or hospital, where they were ever most welcome.

Of their personal appearance we have hitherto said nothing. Miss Keith, who might have been about thirty when she came to live in our square, was small and insignificant-looking; but her expression was mild and agreeable, and the tone of her voice pleasant. Miss Indiana, who must have been nearly ten years younger than her sister, was tall and slight, and her features were delicate and beautiful; but her whole air and manner was that of a person who has passed through a great sorrow; and the sallowness of her complexion rather marred her general effect. Her voice, more musical than her sister's, was mournful in its tone, expressive of a sort of quiet weariness, and very different from Anne's cheerful, rapid accents; and yet, dissimilar as they were, the closest affection united the two. And now, instead of letting our readers grope, as we did, in the dark, we will, without further preamble, admit them into the secret of No. 25, and tell them the story as it was told to us nearly twenty years ago.

Anne and Indiana Keith were the only children of Sir William Keith, who occupied a high judicial appointment at Agra, and had spent the greater part of his life in India. Soon after the birth of Indiana, Lady Keith was ordered to return to England, for the sake of her health, and her two children went with her; and when, in a couple of years, she died, they remained there with their grandmother, till her death deprived them of their home, and they went out to join their father in India. At that time Indiana was seventeen years of age, and her beauty struck and delighted all the English residents of the city. Her rich coloring was a positive feast to the eye, after the sallow cheeks of the Agra ladies, and only enhanced the luster of her glorious dark eyes; so that in a very short time the whole garrison was at her feet, and all the civil servants were hopelessly in love. The elder sister was completely thrown in the shade, and she knew it; but she was quite free from any feeling of jealousy, and delighted in the universal admiration that Indiana inspired. Of course, among her worshippers there was one that the beauty preferred; and, though the spirit of coquetry which possessed her rendered her sentiments doubtful for a time, she submitted at last to become the betrothed of Capt. Henry Willoughby, of her Majesty's One Hundred and Thirty-first Regiment of Foot, a gallant officer and excellent man, who was a uni-

versal favorite, and especially approved of by Sir William. It is true his means were small, but then the lady's fortune would amply suffice both; and, as there was no particular reason for delay, Indiana consented to the day being fixed for the marriage.

One morning, as she and her sister were occupied in looking over a number of trousseau dresses just arrived from Calcutta, she was told that a person wished to speak with her, and two native women entered the room, the first thickly veiled, the other with her face uncovered, and carrying a baby of about a year old. To Indiana's rather hasty inquiry of what they wanted, the foremost answered by removing her veil, and displaying features which, though dark, were strikingly handsome, and then, approaching the white beauty, timidly asked, in broken English, if it was true that the Beebe was going to marry the Sonbahdar Willoughby.

Indiana nodded assent, with a smile and a blush, and Meenah Bae continued, "Does the English law allow men to have two wives?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Indiana, angrily, "what does all this nonsense mean?" while her calmer sister answered, "Englishmen can never take a second wife till the first is dead."

"Then the Beebe mustn't marry the Sonbahdar Sahib!" she handed to the sisters a piece of paper, which Indiana took and opened, and perused with an angry frown, though, as she finished it, she laughed, and said, "This is some stupid joke meant to frighten me. Somebody has been making a fool of you, I fear." Then, turning to her sister, "Look, Anne; a contract of marriage between Henry Willoughby, Captain in her Majesty's One Hundred and thirty-first Foot, and Meenah Bae, daughter of Holkar's Dewan, with some unreadable name or other, dated two years ago at Indore. Do you mean to say, 'that you consider yourself married to Capt. Willoughby?'"

Meenah Bae answered timidly in the affirmative. A thick cloud rested on Indiana's brow, as she again examined the document.

"It is his signature," she said, with choking voice. "Here is a note I had from him yesterday; it is undoubtedly his writing—signed by a clergyman, the Rev. W. Jones."

"There is Henry coming," exclaimed Anne, who was looking out of the window.

"We will have him in here," said Indiana, coldly, and gave orders to a servant.

"You, Meenah Bae, remain veiled till I bid you show yourself."

Capt. Willoughby entered the room with a look of deep depression on his face, which at any other time would have roused Indiana's tenderest sympathy; but now, without observing it, he bowed in a manner that at once startled and confounded him, and, before he could approach her, said: "Capt. Willoughby, you are come at a moment when your testimony is wanted. Have you ever seen that person before?"

At her signal Meenah Bae raised her veil, and Willoughby started slightly, as he beheld the beautiful face, and answered, rather vehemently, for he fancied that Indiana was jealous, "Never, that I can remember."

"Would it be inconvenient to you to exert your memory a little?" demanded Indiana, in the same cold, hard voice; while Meenah Bae, exclaimed, "It is he! it is my husband!" threw herself at his feet, embraced his knees, and kissed the hem of his garment in his rapture.

Poor Capt. Willoughby, thoroughly bewildered by this ebullition of tenderness on the part of a perfect stranger, and by his betrothed's sudden change of manner, and also oppressed by the sad news that he had to communicate, could not speak for a while, and his silence confirmed Indiana in her suspicions of his guilt. At length he replied, "I cannot recollect having ever seen her before, and what she has to do with you and me, on my honor I cannot conceive."

"Your conscience should tell you," said Indiana. "So you persist in disavowing her?"

But Henry Willoughby's patience could last no longer, and, without noticing the last question, he exclaimed, "What all this means, Indiana, you best know; but I confess it appears to me a very dull jest, especially under the present circumstances. I have sorrow enough already without your adding to it. You, from whom I hoped for comfort, if I added, with emotion. After a moment he recovered himself, and went on, "My regiment is just ordered to march, at a moment's notice, against the Sikhs, and we start this evening."

Indiana cheek grew pale, but otherwise she gave no sign of emotion, as she handed him the paper, and said, "It may appear a jest to you, but it certainly is none to me. Read that."

Willoughby read it as desired, and then said, "I never signed this paper. It is true I was at Indore about the time when this marriage is said to have taken place; but surely, Indiana, you cannot believe such a story about me? O, Anne! she cannot really believe it!"

Miss Keith shook her head sorrowfully, but did not speak; and Indiana, without looking at him, said, "Meenah Bae, can you swear to this man as your husband?" and the woman unhesitatingly answered, "Yes."

On being further questioned by Anne, she related that her husband had been obliged to leave Indore a few days after the marriage, but that she had lived on there till the birth of her child, when her father, in ignorance of it all, and of her change of faith, was anxious to give her in marriage to one of her own nation; and, to escape his importunity, she had fled Agra, and, while making

inquiries respecting her husband, she had seen him on parade, and hearing that he was about to be married, had come forward to assert her own claims.

In answer to all this, Capt. Willoughby could give nothing but an emphatic denial; but he owned that appearances were against him; and Sir William, whom Anne had summoned to the conference, looked disturbed, and said that it was just as well that Willoughby should have to leave Agra now, before the story got abroad. He would cause the affair to be thoroughly sifted, and the witnesses sought out whose names were appended to the document, and for the present, anyhow, the engagement had better be considered as at an end.

Capt. Willoughby, whose pride was deeply wounded at his word being doubted, acquiesced, and approached Indiana to bid her farewell; but his offered hand was rejected; and haughtily bowing, she turned away; and when that evening the One-hundred-and-thirty-first left Agra, in high spirits at the prospect of an encounter with the Sikhs, perhaps the saddest heart among them was that of Henry Willoughby, whose only hope now was that he might fall in battle, and that Indiana might then repent her injustice. But he was disappointed, and passed through all the battles of Moodkee, Ferozshah, and Soobraon, without a scratch; and though risking his life on every occasion in the most reckless and daring manner, and performing feats of the most heroic bravery, failed in finding the death that he desired.

After Willoughby left her father's house, Indiana still preserved the same stolid composure; her pride was deeply hurt at the indignity that had been offered her, and yet, with strange inconsistency, she insisted on Meenah Bae's taking up her abode in the house, and showed the greatest kindness toward her and her child.

Perplexed by her sister's conduct, Anne Keith knew not what to do, or how to rouse her from her unnatural calmness; but this was suddenly ended, for, as the troops left Agra, they had to pass by Sir William's house, and at the sound of the drums and fifes Indiana fainted away, and it was some hours before she recovered her senses. A long illness ensued, and left her so weak that the doctors assured Sir William that his only chance of saving his child's life was to send her back to England; and, as his own health was giving way, he decided on resigning his appointment, and returning with her.

He had not forgotten his promise to Willoughby, and every inquiry was made, but in vain. The Rev. Mr. Jones had been dead for a year or more; the Dewan, though he had discovered that his daughter had married an Englishman, was either unable or unwilling to give further information; and the two native witnesses whose names were appended had left their country during some troubles, and could not be traced; and even Anne Keith's faith in Willoughby was beginning to give way, though she still clung to the belief that some fatal mistake had occurred.

Indiana's long illness had destroyed the freshness of her beauty, but she still possessed sufficient charms to attract numerous admirers, and one of the most pertinacious was a Mr. Spurgeon, who had been long devoted to her, and who, on Willoughby's departure, and, it was reported, dismissal, again took the field, though with no more success than before.

Sir William had stayed too long in India, and after leading an invalid life for a year at Bath and Tunbridge Wells, he died, leaving a fortune to his two daughters, who thereupon established themselves in our square, and led the useful and secluded life that we have described. Meenah Bae, who, though she had been baptised, was still known by her former name, and the little Leila accompanied them; and the child was the object of the warmest affection of both sisters, and more especially of Indiana, whose resentment had long since been extinguished by Anne's kind and Christian counsels, and who now felt only pity for the unfortunate Willoughby, with an occasional feeling of pride when she saw his name mentioned with praise in the dispatches, and of regret at the thought that such brilliant qualities should be united with so much baseness.

One day, ten years after the Misses Keith's establishment in our square, Anne was confined to the house with a cold, and Indiana went alone to the hospital where they were accustomed to pay weekly visits. In one of the wards she missed a familiar face, and, in answer to her inquiries, was told that the poor sufferer had died only the day after her last visit.

He talked a great deal about your kindness to him, ma'am," said the nurse, "and was very quiet and gentle to the last. But the patient who has his bed now is very troublesome. He was brought in nearly a week ago, having been run over by a cab, and was hurt so badly that the surgeon doesn't think he'll get over it; and I am afraid, ma'am, that he isn't in a right frame of mind, for he used dreadfully bad language when they brought him in, though lately he has been quieter."

When Indiana had gone the round of the ward, with a few kind words to each patient, and the reading aloud of a psalm and a prayer to such as could bear it, she approached the bed of the man of whom the nurse had spoken, and though rather in dread of what he might say to her, sat down by him, and, gently expressing her sympathy in his misfortune, asked if she should read to him. The man, whose eyes had followed her with interest ever since she came in, assented with a readiness and civility that sur-

prised the nurse; and as she read on in her sweet, low voice, his groans and restless movements gradually ceased, and he gazed on her still beautiful face with an expression from which all ill-humor and suffering had vanished. When she finished one psalm, he begged for another, and when at last she prepared to go, he said: "Did I not hear them call you Miss Keith?"

"My name is Keith," she wonderingly replied.

"Can it be that you are the Indiana Keith whom I knew at Agra some ten years ago? You have her voice and her features; but you are somewhat changed, though not so much as I am."

"Yes, I am Indiana Keith, and was living at Agra ten years ago; but who are you? I seem now to remember your face, but not your name."

"Have you quite forgotten Fleetwood Spurgeon, who was one of the many you made fools of?"

He spoke with an excess of bitterness, and Indiana felt it, and colored as she answered, "I remember you now; but you are very much changed. How came you in this place?"

"When you left Agra, I didn't care what became of me, and soon got into trouble, and had to leave the place; and then I went to Calcutta, and so on to Australia, where, after some time, I got some gold. But I soon lost the greater part by gambling; and so, tired of knocking about the world, I came back to the old country, and a warm reception has been given me. The very day I landed I met with this accident; and, unless the pain in my side gets better, I don't suppose I shall ever get out from here."

His reckless tone distressed Indiana, and she began to urge on him the necessity of seeing a clergyman, and preparing for his end; but he interrupted her by saying, "A person would do me little good; but there is one thing which I must confess before I die, and to you only, for it principally concerns yourself. You remember Willoughby, of the One-hundred-and-thirty-first. Indiana's blush answered for her, and she remained silent, and Spurgeon proceeded, "You probably thought that the cause of your quarrel was known only to yourself—I mean his previous marriage with Meenah Bae—but I knew it all, for it was a plot of my own devising. I was mad with jealousy at Willoughby's success, and was meditating in what way I could injure him, when my evil genius threw in my way Meenah Bae, who had come to Agra in search of her husband, who was captain in the one-hundred-and-thirty-first Native Infantry, but, as I well knew, had been missing for a year or more, ever since some skirmish or other. His name, Henry Willoughby, so capable of transformation into Willoughby; the fact of the number of their regiments being the same; and a certain similarity between their persons—they were both tall and fair, and a delusion that the poor woman had got into her head, that Willoughby, whom she saw one day on parade, was really her husband, suggested to me the practicability of destroying his prospects; and, under pretense of assisting her search, I procured from her marriage contract, which I destroyed; and substituted in its stead a forged deed, imitating Willoughby's signature and those of the witnesses, who I ascertained were safe out of the way. Meenah Bae, who could not read English, never discovered the forgery; and after making her promise that she would not betray me to Willoughby, who would, I told her, never forgive me for destroying his prospects of a rich marriage, I sent her to you, and my plot succeeded beyond my hopes. Your indignation, and the regiment's sudden removal, were most favorable to me; and though I was deeply wounded at being a second time rejected, it was some comfort to know that my hated rival had no better chance than myself."

"Can this be true?" gasped Indiana, who had listened in speechless astonishment. "Surely you could not have been so cruel? Poor Henry!" she murmured, in a low tone to herself, "if I had only known the truth! Mr. Spurgeon, it is a hard matter, but still I forgive you the wrong you have done me; perhaps you hardly knew how great it was. Although it is too late to do so now, I should wish to be able to clear Capt. Willoughby's name of the stain that has rested upon it, and write down the deposition that you have just made."

Spurgeon, who, to do him justice, had never known the extent of her affection for Willoughby, agreed and affixed his signature to the paper; and then, with trembling limbs, and an agitated look that surprised the nurses, she left the hospital, and hurried home to rejoice her sister with the intelligence that her confidence in Willoughby's honor had not been misplaced.

As she entered the drawing-room, where she knew she should find Miss Keith, she exclaimed, with breathless eagerness, "O, Anne, Henry is innocent; it was all a wicked—" but stopped short on seeing two strangers engaged in conversation with her sister and Meenah Bae. Her bewildered look did not at first allow her to distinguish their features, but she felt a strange trembling as she marked the tall figure of the one who came forward to meet her. No, she could not be mistaken; and in another moment her hands were clasped in Henry Willoughby's, and her tremulous "Henry, can you forgive me?" answered by their warm pressure. Excess of happiness was almost too much for Indiana after her long trial; but by degrees she recovered sufficiently to be able to learn how this happy meeting was brought about. And first, Col. Willoughby—for he now held that rank—had to pre-

sent to her his friend, Maj. Millingsby, who had unwittingly been the cause of their long estrangement.

"After you left Agra," continued the Colonel, "I went through all the Sikh campaign, and then my regiment was ordered to Gibraltar. After that—rather unfairly, as we thought, though had it not been for this piece of injustice, as we considered it, I might never have seen you again—we were ordered back to India. This time I saw no service beyond the trifling business of reducing a refractory Marhatta chief, whose fort we took; and there we found poor Millingsby, who had been prisoner for ten years and more, and was believed to be dead by his own people, and so had given up all hopes of getting free again."

"Yes," said Maj. Millingsby, "if you only knew what the feeling of utter hopelessness was, I could hardly realize that I was free when the fort was taken. But go on with your story, Willoughby."

"Well, Millingsby, when he had recovered his senses a little, began talking of his wife; and when I heard her name and birth, the truth suddenly flashed upon me; and though it was impossible to account for the substitution of my name for his, I felt sure that the mistake had arisen from the similarity of sound, and that you, Indiana, had been equally deceived with me. Of course I hurried home at once; and I will own that my first impulse was to meet you with reproaches; but your exclamation, as you entered the room, disarmed me."

All was now joy and happiness at Number 25; and Meenah Bae, or, as we ought to call her, Mrs. Millingsby, was in a state of ecstasy at her husband's return, though most penitent for the delusion which had caused Col. Willoughby and Indiana so much misery.

Spurgeon's confession, although not necessary, as it turned out, was satisfactory, as clearing up the mystery of the story; and the wretched man, during the brief remainder of his life, was nursed with tender solicitude by her whose happiness he had so nearly wrecked, but who was now, thanks to the guiding of a merciful Providence, after long trials, given back to her faithful lover.

An Eccentric Editor.

Some personal reminiscences of Mr. Bloss, the well-known editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, are furnished by that paper. At the time of the sad accident which resulted in his death, Mr. Bloss had been connected with the *Enquirer* twenty-four years. During the last few years of his service he was a privileged character, and could write as much or as little as he chose. His uncompromising honesty and independence often placed him in a position of antagonism to the policy of the paper, and the responsible editors were frequently obliged to cross out what he had written after it had been put in type. He has been known to write an editorial in direct opposition to one that had appeared in the *Enquirer* a few hours before. Productions of this sort, of course, never saw the light of day. Before his matter had been put in type, none of his editorial associates could read it. There were just four compositors in the office—known as Bloss's compositors—who could decipher his manuscript. Three of them have been working for the *Enquirer* over twenty years, and the fourth eighteen years. He was a man of large information, intense vanity, lovable disposition, unwearied industry, and convivial habits, without dignity or balance of mind. He never traveled, and was never easy away from his desk. Once when he had been almost ordered away for a vacation he returned at the expiration of three days, and, complaining of loneliness, was allowed to resume his work. Bloss was not more than five feet six inches in height, and scarcely ever reached 120 pounds in weight. He was forty-nine years of age.

Our Presidents.

Mrs. John Adams was the first mistress of the White-house. The building was unfinished and unfurnished. It could hardly be warmed or lighted. The most graphic letters written by Mrs. Adams describe her sufferings there. Her week's washing was hung up in the east room. Her style of living, adopted not from parsimony but from necessity, would disgust an ordinary treasury clerk. Washington exacted the strictest economy at home, that he might serve his country and not impair his private fortune. Jefferson was well off when he went into public life. He inherited 1,900 acres which he increased to 5,000. His income, independent of his farm revenue, was \$3,000 a year. His wife's dowry was \$40,000 in cash. Had he left public life alone and tended to his real estate he would have been a rich man. His public career closed in 1809. For nineteen years he was absent from Monticello, and seven of these years were spent abroad. He returned to find his estate ruined, his property squandered, and his fortune scattered. All attempts to retrieve his fortune were in vain; he was adjudged a bankrupt. New York city sent him a donation of \$5,500, and other cities were alike generous. Jackson had a wife of his own. Like a good soldier he lived within his income. At the Ripe Plains in the summer, in a low farm-house, coat off, feet in slippers, a cob pipe in his mouth, he gave audience to ambassadors. Van Buren had a private fortune of his own. Pierce, by rigid economy, carried \$50,000 out of the White-house.

The proper way to pronounce Taliaferro is Tolliver, and Senator Boggy, of Missouri, should be addressed as "Mr. Bo-jee."

Pith and Point.

A NOISOME place—a howling wilderness.

A GLITTERING generality—this silver business.

A COMBINATION lock—the marriage ceremony.

HUNTING parties—mothers with daughters to marry.

A GOOD lawyer is not a necessity, for necessity knows no law.

Is time the mulberry tree becomes a silk gown, and a silk gown becomes a woman.

We know a painter whose palette has been destroyed, and yet who retains his taste perfectly.—*Parish*.

In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration.

THE season for boiler explosions opened much better than was anticipated. Engineers will in time come to hold the opinion that no man can sleep and watch steam at the same time.—*Det. & Free Press*.

A SHIPWRECKED crew has recently been killed and eaten by the cannibals in Australia. It is shocking to think that there are still live savages who cannibalize their own kind.—*New York Graphic*.

A KEMPER'S BLUFF (Tex.) young man named Thomas acquired the habit of tossing a cocked and loaded pistol in the air and catching it as it fell. The last time he caught it was immediately before he died.

SAM and Jack Shears, of Tusculum, Ala., hacked and slashed a colored man, a short time ago, because he wouldn't give them money. The darkey says they were the "wustest pair of Shears to cut" he ever saw.

"I HAVE said you are honest, John, with a clear conscience, but fear I have stretched a point in saying you are sober." "Shure, sir, if you have stretched a point that fur, can't you stretch it a little further, and say that I'm frequently sober?"

SCUMBLE—"You'll get your rent, Mrs. Flaherty, if you'll wait a little. I'm not going to run away. Beside, there's my clothes—" Mrs. F.—"Yes, clothes, indeed! A mighty lot on 'em you've got, sure! Why, whin yer hat's on, yer wardrobe's impty!"

WHEN the English private soldier hears that the King of Dahomey has an army of Amazons, he shakes his head and mutters to a comrade: "I beant' afeared, Jock—not I; but, if each un them here Hamazons be ekal to my musket, they'll baste us, sure."

TIME—Sunday afternoon. Scene—Doorway of house on Columbus avenue, Boston. Dramatis Personae—Young gentleman caller and seven-year old sister of one called upon. "Is Carrie at home?" "No." "Gone to church?" "No—Millard." "Alone?" "No—feller." "Good-by."

WANTED—A wife who can handle a broom. To brush down the cobwebs and sweep up her room. Can make decent bread that a fellow can eat. Not the horrible compound you everywhere meet. Who knows how to boil, to fry, and to roast. Make a good cup of tea and a platter of toast. A woman that washes, cooks, runs, and stitches. And sews up the rips in a fellow's old clothes, and makes her own garments—an item, too which is

So horrid expensive, as every one knows; A common-sense creature, and still with a mind To teach and to guide—called, reined; A sort of angel and house-maid combined.

LAWYERS are sometimes very particular. The other day one of those learned and admirable gentlemen was waited upon by a young man who wished his advice, and began by saying: "My father died and made a will—'" "Is it possible? I never heard of such a thing," answered the lawyer. "I thought it happened every day," said the young man. "But if there is to be any difficulty about it, I had better give you a fee to attend to the business." The fee was given, and then the lawyer observed: "Oh! I think I know what you mean, that your father made a will and died." "Yes, yes; that must be it."

Notes on Weights and Measures.

Our American bushel is the same as that which in England is known as the Winchester bushel. An imperial English bushel is equal to 1,03152 Winchester bushels, a difference of about three per cent. In the London markets grain is quoted by the quarter, equal to eight imperial or to 8.25216 Winchester bushels. In Liverpool grain is marketed by weight instead of bulk, using the cental of 100 pounds. Flour, for some reason, is bought and sold in England in parcels of 280 pounds. In London maize is quoted in quarters; Liverpool, in parcels of 480 pounds. American flour is the only four marketed in barrels of 196 pounds each; California barrels contain 200 pounds, or two centals, each. Sometimes flour imported into the United Kingdom is designated by hundred weights (cwt.), each of which is one-twentieth of the "long" ton, equal to twenty centals, 2,000 pounds, is universally used. East of the Rocky mountains both the long and the short are used, but for different measurements. A shilling in English money is equal to twenty-five cents.—*Department of Agricultural Report*.

What Ailed Him.

A little Georgia shaver recently took his first ride in a Milledgeville train. When the cars moved off he nestled close to his mother, and as its speed increased he began to show some signs of consternation. Tears stood in his eyes, and when he saw that his weakness was observed he blubbered aloud, "I ain't afraid, but I wish I had my photograph taken before I got on this thing."